THE REPOSITORY,
AND
Ladies' Weekly Museum.

BY SOLOMON SLENDER, ESQ.

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AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

[From the N. E. REPUBLICAN.]

(Continued.)

WE reached Boston without any accident. After procuring my *protegee* a room and attendant at one of the inns, I went immediately to the house of a widow lady, in whose family I had formerly resided nearly 2 years in quality of boarder. This lady was a Quaker; and eminently distinguished for that purity of morals, for which the people of her persuasion are so generally remarked. After a hasty salutation, I surprised her with a concise account of my stage adventure, and concluded with asking her advice and assistance.——Now, ladies, you will certainly think that Mrs Townsend *bridled up* at my story, and silenced me with a most outrageous bluster, when I begged her to join me in affording protection to a distressed woman. 'An old witless cully! could he not be satisfied with being duped himself, without soliciting a Lady of character to play the fool too? But let's hear what reception his Mrs Townsend gave him. With a smile on her features, which would have beautified the face of an angel, she replied,—'Thou art credulous—but thou hast eyes of thy own: thou art whimsical—but thou art benevolent. I thank thee in the name of my sex, for thy kindness to this poor wanderer, and have only to beg thee to bring her immediately here, that I may come in for my share of the pleasure which arises from succouring the afflicted.'

I waited not for Mrs Townsend to repeat her offer, and in a few minutes introduced the suffering stranger to a friend of her own sex. She hung her head and wept, as Mrs Townsend took her hand: 'Feel at home, my child,' said the benevolent woman; fear no ill-natured scrutiny from me: it is mine to befriend thee, not to awaken thy griefs by premature inquiries. When I have deserved thy confidence, thou mayest, perhaps, trust me without reserve.'

I had now obeyed the dictates of humanity in finding a 'friend for the friendless.' Without waiting for any thing but a slight dinner, I borrowed Mrs Townsend's chaise, and before sunset I had the happiness to embrace my old friend. I found him in much better health than my fears had led me to expect. His disorder (a severe pleurisy) had yielded to judicious treatment and a good constitution; & he was fast recovering. His son, whose residence at Philadelphia had been somewhat shortened by a dissolution of partnership in the house where he was engaged, was now at home. This youth I had not seen for three or four years; and he now appeared to me exactly what his father was, when my intimacy with him commenced. An engaging and manly countenance, an elegant form, easy manners, and a winning address, rendered Everard Drey what our *novel-writing* ladies would call a *dangerous man.* He was melancholy, however: some hidden grief, which neither the confidence of friendship, nor the anxious inquiries of parental tenderness could elicit, saddened his countenance and preyed upon his health.

Four days I continued with my friend. At the end of this period he was able to walk his chamber, and my impatience to see my poor girl at Boston, led me again to that town. Everard was at leisure, and requested leave to accompany me. We reached the city about 11 in the morning. At a coffee-house Everard found some friends, with whom he wished a few minutes' conversation, and promised to join me at Mrs Townsend's within an hour. That worthy woman saw me from a window, as I approached her house, and met me at the door. She was in tears! 'Thou hast come,' she cried, 'to hear a sad tale indeed! thy poor girl is sick—sick unto death!' Seeing me speechless with surprize, she proceeded: 'On the afternoon of the day when thou left us, she complained of violent head-ache. I prepared tea at an early hour—she swallowed a single cupfull, and begged to go immediately to bed. With much difficulty I prevailed upon her to leave her babe with my woman; and having led her to her chamber, and assisted her to undress, I sent for a physician. He came early in the evening. After spending an hour above stairs, we came below: and he then, with much earnestness, asked me, 'Has not this lady a young infant?' I saw the necessity of his inquiry, and instantly stated the truth. He asked to see the babe; and examining it with attention a few moments, said, 'from Philadelphia, last week!—Exposed to cold and fatigue, so soon after her confinement, leaves her but faint hopes of life.' He bled her before his departure, and I sat up with her the greater part of the night. The next morning she was

much worse; and, before night, a raging delirium, which seized her, put a period to our hopes of her recovery. She talks much of thee; and thy return may, perhaps, assist to calm her mind, and prevent her leaving the world in a state of distraction. When her senses were first disordered, she insisted on having her infant returned to her: but as we feared that the babe might be injured by this, we gave her to understand that thou hadst it under thy protection. This seemed perfectly to satisfy her. 'He will not let it die!' she said, with a kind of triumphant emphasis—'Will he? He saved me, you know—Will he abandon my little one?—He protected me, you know—How kind he spoke!—He is an old man too!—*he* let my poor babe die?—No, no, no!'

As Mrs Townsend concluded, the physician entered the door, and we all went up stairs together. The poor sufferer instantly knew me, and stretching out her arms toward me, wildly cried, 'Bless you! bless you!—*you* will not let my poor child die—Will you?'—No, I replied, it shall be mine while I have life to protect it. 'See now!' she said, 'I told them so!—— But may I not see it?' The physician, a humane and skilful man, whispered Mrs Townsend, and she immediately brought the babe into the chamber: I took it in my arms, and held it towards the bed. The frantic mother snatched it from me with eager wildness, and, pressing it fondly to her bosom, softly whispered, 'Your mother is dying—don't tell them—they are very kind to us—Should your father own you—But hush!—hush!—he lives somewhere here: he will say that we followed him, persecuted him, disgraced him—O no, no! not for the world!'——

Here she stopped, overcome by her increasing weakness, and the cruel agitation of her mind. We took the babe from her, and she shortly fell into a kind of lethargic slumber, which continued until late in the afternoon.

[*To be Concluded.*]

HOME.

CHAPTER II.

IN proportion as Lady Ornville's happiness increased, Sir John's diminished; for he did not find constant residence in the country a compensation for the loss of domestic quiet, and the presence of people to most of whom he was at least indifferent.

Lady Ornville would willingly have excluded the persons who were disagreeable to him; but it was not easy to make exceptions where numbers were promiscuously invited, nor could she understand some of the objections he had to her guests. She did not feel that ignorance was tiresome, or folly offensive; and thought a good-humoured fool might be a very agreeable companion at a card-table.

She was fond of play, without being a gamester; and Sir John himself highly approved of cards as an occasional amusement; but he could not, without great concern, see his wife, while a young woman, devote so much time to them. He could not, however persuade her that she was illaudably employed, when playing a moderate rubber at Whist. When she resided in Lincoln's Inn Fields, she conformed to his wishes, because she was sensible that neither his fortune, nor his professional duties, rendered it proper to entertain much company; but she did not now think the same restraint necessary: and as she believed he could spend a great deal of time in any manner he pleased, she thought it more reasonable that he should sometimes find too much company in his drawing room, than that she should risk the finding none there at all.

When it was too late, sir John saw, with deep concern, the effect of his indulgence. Habits once established are not easily broken; it was extremely difficult to turn persons from his house, who were in the daily practice of coming there; and though he could have discarded them, he did not think his peace would be ensured by a measure which would destroy the comfort of his Wife. He could not convince her that she acted erroneously; and though he was himself convinced of it, and might therefore have thought it justifiable to exert such authority as would have effected a total change in her conduct; yet, as on the same pretext, every tyrant might justify the most abusive exercise of power, he could not admit the idea of using compulsion, and thought it his duty to surrender his happiness to hers. Had she been less dependent upon him, he would more strongly have opposed her conduct; but the consciousness that her happiness was totally in his power, was sufficient with so generous a spirit as his, to secure his tenderness and indulgence.

Years rolled on without making any change in their situation; and thus sir John, though in possession of many of the choicest blessings of life, and exempted from every evil which the world would term a misfortune, had the mortification to find, that a very large portion of his time was spent in a most disagreeable manner.

Such was the effect of dissimilarity of taste in sir John and lady Ornville.

Unhappily, they did not coincide more in the management of their children. Ignorance, and love of amusement, rendered Lady O. incapable of adopting any useful plans of education. It was sufficient for her comfort, if her children were in health, and near her; and it was sufficient in her opinion, for theirs, if they were made happy by the same means that she was. She kept them in her presence as much as it was in her power; made them, as far possible, partake of her amusements; and indulged them in every gratification to which they showed a propensity.

Sir John saw her errors, and endeavoured to correct them. His understanding, character, and education led him to form the most rational views for the management of his children; but in vain he attempted to counteract the effects of Lady Ornville's conduct In his presence she was obliged to conform to his directions, but in private she acted in opposition to them, and even on some occasions openly persisted in measures he disapproved. This produced frequent altercations between them, which diminished their comfort without benefiting their family: for the inclinations of their sons, coincided with Lady Ornville's, and secretly aided her wishes; and Sir John, though a stranger to the greater part of her misconduct, yet saw himself obliged to keep the children either constantly from home, or to leave them in some measure under the influence of their mother.

They had three sons, and two daughters. The eldest son, Hastings, was not bred to any profession, and had

dissipated a life as to be an old man, in constitution, thirty-five.

The second son, Frederick, was a partner in a considerable commercial house in London; he was twenty-six, and had married at twenty, without the knowledge of his family, the daughter of a clergyman, by whom he had two sons. His Wife, with her children, was now at Altona, on a visit to her maternal grandfather.

The third son, Philip, had a commission in the Guards.

The eldest daughter, who was twenty-nine, had been married nearly thirteen years to Sir Robert Horndon, a baronet of fortune in the neighbourhood.

Of all the family, Constantia was the most distinguished. She owed much to nature, but she was likewise indebted to education for the superiority she possessed. At ten years of age, she had been placed under the care of Lady Anson, a sister of her father's, for whom he had a great regard. At that time Lady Anson had just lost her husband, and having no family except a son, then at the University, she fancied her little niece, of whom she was extremely fond, might beguile her of many heavy hours, and earnestly requested her father and mother to allow her to reside with her. They consented, and in a short time Constantia became so necessary to the comfort of Lady Anson, that they could not think of depriving her of so great a consolation, especially as Anson-House, where she resided, was so near Ornville, that they could have daily opportunities of meeting.

[*To be Continued.*]

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

American Edition of HUDIBRAS.——Messrs. Wright, Goodenow, and Stockwell, of Troy, N. Y. have just put to press, and will have ready for sale in the spring, a new (and the *first American*) Edition of "HUDIBRAS: in three parts. Written, in the time of the late wars—by Samuel Butler; with annotations, a complete index, and a short life of the author." It will be printed from the best Edinburgh edition, on wove paper, with a neat type, and will contain about three hundred pages, duodecimo. To add any tuing on the merit of a poem, which for original wit and genuine satire, the literary world considers unrivalled and inimitable, would be as unnecessary as it would be difficult.

THE SABBATH.

On every sea
Which Europe's navies plough; yes in all lands
From pole to pole, or civilized or rude,
People there are, to whom the Sabbath morn
Dawns shedding dews into their drooping hearts:
Yes, for beyond the high heav'd western wave,
Amid Columbia's wilderesses vast,
The words which God in thunder from the mount
Of Sinai spake, are heard and are obey'd.
Thy Children, Scotia, in the desert land,
Driven from their homes by fell monopoly,
Keep holy the Lord the seventh day.
Assembled under loftiest canopy
Of trees primeval (soon to be laid low)
They sing, 'hy Babel's streams we sat and wept.'

R. H. Beresford and J. Frank, of New-York, propose to publish a second American edition of this elegant and justly admired Poem.

This work is to be put to press immediately, and delivered to subscribers, in boards, at one dollar and twenty-five cents; bound in calf, one dollar and fifty cents.

Subscriptions for this work are received at the office of the Repository.

A few days ago a singular wedding took place at a county church not many miles from Woodbridge. The bridegroom was upwards of seventy, and the bride just out of her teens. When the clergyman had got half way through the service, and asked for the ring, he found it had been forgotten. Twelve was approach,ng, the church was remote from the village, the pair impatient to be married, the parson, unwilling, perhaps to have a second journey—what was to be done? the clerk suggested a ready expedient—and the bride was wedded with a *key*.

[*London paper*

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Dec. 14, 1805. J. RIDDLE.

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BY JAMES THOMSON.

Embellished with a number of engravings, and the life of the authour by Samuel Johnson, L.L.D.

☞ Complete files of the 'Philadelphia Repository,' may be had at the above place.

For the Repository.

Mr Slender,

Without 'entering into a controversy with your correspondent, *Tommy Tickle*, permit me, sir, for the amusement of your readers, in addressing you, to make a few remarks upon his production. As he mentioned something about the 'amelioration, or reformation *altogether*,' of stile; it may tend to lessen his *Vanity*, (an effect certainly desirable) if he is shewn that *he* stands in need of both.

In the beginning, (or is it all beginning?) of his piece he states, that my answer to Jacobus was 'very *sublime* and decent:' a line or two after he calls it '*vulgar* and offensive,' further on, it is termed 'modest, decorous, and very instructive;' and in the next sentence I am advised to 'ameliorate, or *at least** reform *altogether*,' my stile!!—Pray, Mr Slender, what does all this nonsense mean? Is it intended to adorn the 'catalogue of *mushroom literati?*' I would be much obliged by your procuring me a key to it; for, as it seems levelled at me, I should derive some satisfaction from knowing how to understand it. Again, he says, 'the truly *sapient* Jacobus's request was as *silly*,' &c. I protest it is impossible to find out the meaning of this sentence. Silly and Sapient differ as much from each other as a Jew does from a Christian; and yet here, concerning the only thing upon which a judgment is pretended to be formed of Jacobus, he is called both *silly* and *sapient!*—In the reply to Jacobus, I asserted, that the ladies considered men's heads to be of two kind,—with and without *brains;* and, since, this has been confirmed by a very *fashionable* lady, who instanced T. Tickle, whose *stuff*, as she called it, fully entitled him to rank with the latter class, and hence she deduced his address to Bob At'em.

Further, he asks, 'Have we, sir, attained, with *celebrity*, the year 1806.'* Have *we*—I hope he does not mean *him* and *me*. For if *I* am included, my answer is *No*, as far as regards myself; but if himself and his fellow nincums are the *We*, then *I* say that Tickle at least has 'attained the year 1806; and no doubt his epistle to Bob At'em will *attain* the year 1906 with *celebrity*. Well might a Virgil sing *O tempora! O mores!* when such fellows '*attain celebrity*.'

You did well, Mr Slender, in putting this jockey in print, that he might shew or tell of his own celebrity. It would have been a pity to deprive him of the pleasure of trumpeting his own fame; but I would beg you to 'advise him, when next he undertakes the like, to ameliorate his stile, or reform it altogether.'

You will observe I have not attempted to defend the manner in which I treated the subject of my reply to Jacobus. If it is faulty, so be it; I pretend not to *celebrity;* but to say it was indecently done, is to implicate your honourable self, who certainly would insert nothing indecent in the Repository.

BOB AT'EM.

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* This 'at least,' stands here like the one in the Irishman's expression, when he declared 'in troth his appetite was so reformed that he couldn't ate more than TWO potatoes, or a PORTUEL at least.

* To attain a certain year, is to be of such an age. Quere, does Tickle mean that he has reached the 1806th year of his age? If so, perhaps, it is with him, as with the Swabians, of whom it is said, if they do not get sense at a certain period of their lives, they will be fools ever after.

For the Repository.

Semper ego auditor tantùm? nequamne reponam.
Juv. Sat. 1.

Mr Slender,

After the piece which appeared in your third number, the author did not even for a moment suppose that he should ever be forced to take up his pen to defend it: neither would I now give myself the trouble to notice the remarks made on it, were it not a general rule, that, an article, however contemptible, if attacked by malevolence, or ill nature, it is the province of the author to attempt a defence, however unequal to the task.

If I had had any idea of the piece being replied to, such an answer as I should have expected, was written by your witty, liberal and unaffected correspondent Bob At'em.

The gentleman who screens himself under a female signature, attacks me with all the malignancy of an inveterate enemy. His commencement, the 'sapient Jacobus,' compared with the epithets in the rest of his sarcastic paragraph, led me to believe that he was unacquainted with the meaning of the word with which he commences his formidable attack. We are then told that the 'remedy intended to be applied, will prove equally as disagreeable as the malady.

Pray, Miss Ellen, (I address you, sir, by your assumed name,) was there any thing mentioned, concerning females, which required a remedy? If so, what remedy was offered by me? Was there any? I believe not. Then we shall call this sentence an inuendo. Was there any sarcasm levelled at the ladies by my observation? None, that I recollect. However, as you perhaps understand the article better than the author, I shall make no further re-

marks upon the allusions which you attach to the piece, and which the author never intended it should convey.

To say that I did not feel chagrined at the malignant remarks of the paragraph, perhaps would not be perfectly true: but that I could not avoid feeling contempt for the ungentleman like manner in which it was written is most literally true.

I think that my opponent must believe me to be a curious compound, from the epithets which he so liberally bestows: such as 'sapient, knowing nought of *decency*, an upstart wit,' &c. I would wish to know if my learned competitor can picture to his mind, in one person, a sapient observer, and an upstart wit. Sapient, I believe, means *wise, sage*—I presume my antagonist knows the meaning of the phrase *upstart; alias novus homo.*

I expect shortly to see published in some of the daily prints, an advertisement, warning the members of the Female Retorting Society, Miss *Ellen* president, to meet on business of importance; when met, not unlikely to vomit forth more scurrility against Messrs. Bob At'em and Jacobus, who have unfortunately got into their tender clutches.

However, Mr Slender, after all that has passed between Miss Ellen and myself, if she has a wish to write with that politeness, which in my humble opinion, (and which, I have no doubt, a person so well versed in the etiquette of the day, and so well acquainted with the polite circles, is equal to) should be observed between correspondents, although under feigned signatures, I should have no great objection again to enter the lists; but never will I a second time, encounter scurrility.—And, Mr S ender, if the author really is a Lady, I most sincerely ask her pardon, with a hope I will be forgiven, when she takes into consideration that I have expressed myself as if addressing a gentleman. But, unless, in answer to this, if it is worth one, my opponent assures me, that the author is, indeed, a female, the signature *Ellen* will never make me believe that such a paragraph was written by a *lady*.

JACOBUS.

For the Repository.

THE MELANGE.

To speak much and well is the talent of genius; to speak little and well is the characteristic of the wise man: to speak much and ill, is the impertinence of the simple; to speak little and ill is the misfortune of fools.

—

Two important characters, who produce much disturbance in the world, are generally indiscriminately represented, and supposed to be persons of the same disposition—between a fool and a knave there is as great a shade of distinction, and as an essential difference, as between a disappointed ideot and a *Theatrical Censor.*

—

A man of sense is silent among fools; being influenced by the same reason that induces a rich man to refuse alms to a beggar—he has no small money. A man, nevertheless, who peculiarly values the esteem of his friends, and would secure their reputation, will give occasional lacerations to the 'motley coat' of an impertinent calumniator.

—

Calumny may be defined a false, injurious detraction from the character of any person, either in speech or writing. The most abandoned and sordid minds have the least abhorrence of calumny. He who is but moderately wicked, dares not venture upon it: he who has the least particle of ingenuousness in his disposition, disdains it. A noble Spartan was asked, whether his sword was sharp? He answered—'Sharper than calumny.' An extensive difference exists between just censure and calumny; but they are confounded by men of base understandings for the purpose of deluding the world.

—

Captain and Mariner.

Capt. Jack, what are you doing?

Jack. Nothing, sir.

Capt. What's Tom doing?

Jack. Helping me.

—

The famous veteran of the stage, Macklin, sitting one night at the back of the front boxes, with a gentleman of his acquaintance, one of the underbred box-lobby loungers of the present day, stood up immediately before him, whose person, being rather large, entirely obscured the sight of the stage from him. Macklin took fire at this; but, managing himself with more temper than usual, patted him gently on the shoulder with his cane, and, with much seeming civility, requested him, when he saw or heard any thing that was entertaining on the stage, to let him and his friend know of it; for you see, my dear sir, that at present we must totally depend on your kindness. This had the desired effect, and the lounger walked away.

—

Scaliger relates, that Louis, king of France, [probably Louis the 12th,] used to chase partridges with a raven, that had been trained to that sport; and Albertus, according to Aldrovandus, saw one at Naples, which caught partridges and pheasants, and, when urged by the falcons, would even fly at

other ravens. When domesticated, he will become extremely tame and familiar; may be taught to fetch and carry like a dog, and will play a variety of amusing tricks. He may be taught to speak like a parrot, and even to sing like a man. 'I have, says Dr. Goldsmith, heard a raven sing the Black Joke with great distinctness, truth, and humour.' These speaking ravens were highly valued at Rome, and Pliny has given us a somewhat curious history of one of them. This bird had been kept in the temple of Castor, and flew down into the shop of a shoemaker, who took much delight in the visits of his new acquaintance, and taught him to pronounce the names of the emperor, and other personages of the royal family. This raven would fly every morning to the rnstra, and salute Tiberius; then the two Cæsars, Germanicus and Drusus; and afterwards the Roman people as they passed by. The shoemaker was beginning to turn rich by those who came to see this wonderful raven, when an envious neighbour, displeased at the shoemaker's success, killed the bird, and deprived him of his future hopes of fortune. The injured shoemaker laid his case before the people, who espoused his cause, punished the man who had done him the injury, and gave the raven all the honours of a magnificent interment.

SONG.

Young Teddy is an Irish lad,
So blithe, so tight, so merry,
And when in scarlet beaver clad,
The pride of Londonderry.
Then Teddy shun the war for me,
Ah Norah be but steady,
But arrah now it cannot be,
I've lost my heart to Teddy,
Oh, I've lost my heart to Teddy.

When first we met 'twould make you laugh,
We look'd so at each other,
But Cupid play'd too sure by half,
My heart was in a pother.
Ted seiz'd my hand, then stole a kiss,
Indeed, said I, already;
Then forc'd a frown, but 'twas amiss,
I'd lost my heart to Teddy, &c.

Whenever the creatnre meets me now,
'Tis love, when shall we marry?
I'm half inclin'd to keep my vow,
And that is not to tarry:
Oh, 'tis so sweet to join the knot,
And Hymen's always ready,
A husband is what he is not,
I've lost my heart to Teddy, &c.

Hatred and anger sometimes furnish fools with an article somewhat resembling Wit.

The glory of the aged is their experience and wisdom; the glory of a young man is his modesty and submission.

ADDRESS TO A SNOW-DROP.

[Written in February.]

Why dost thou, silver-vested flower,
While tempests howl, and snow-storms lower,
Thus boldly brave stern Winter's power,
And rear thy head?
Why so impatient? Why not stay
Till Zephyrs drive rude blasts away,
And potent Sol, with cheering ray,
Warm thy cold bed?

Why stay not till the primrose pale,
With simple beauty, spots the vale;
Till vi'lets load each passing gale
With luscious balm?
Till moist-ey'd April's genial showers,
Rouse Flora's train of painted flowers,
And songsters fill the leafy bowers
With music's charm?

Fair flower! thy hardy front defies
The rigour of inclement skies:
The blast pernicious o'er thee flies,
Nor chills thy form.
Thus virtue stands with placid mien,
While whirlwinds desolate the scene;
And, cheer'd by hope, with mind serene,
Smiles at the storm.

A poor fellow, in Scotland, creeping through the hedge of an orchard, with an intention to rob it, was seen by the owner, who called out to him, 'Sawney, *hoot, hoot mon, where are yeu going?*'——'*Back agen*,' says Sawney.

A gentleman having an Hibernian servant, sent him to drown a dog that was troublesome; on the servant's return, the master asked him whether he had drowned the dog? Yes, sir, says Patrick, he is *drowned*, for I *stoned him to death.*

An old coquet and slanderer is like a rose bud in winter; the flowers and leaves are decayed, and nothing remains but the thorns.

ACROSTICK.

T hespis my friend, grieve not so sore,
H as the fam'd *Lion* forgot to roar?
E very tongue to praise him is combin'd,
A nd love this *brute*, who roars and groans so *kind;*
'T is very true, what I have oft heard say,
R estless of roaring, he began to *Bray.*
I think a *Cane* would be but his just due,
C ould all but think so, he'd receive it too,
*A*nd this lesson teach the techy, wayward *youth*,
*L*et him not roar, unless he can roar *truth.*

C an any hear this monarch of the *wood*,
*E*rr so malignant, and yet not understood?
No—*Whats* predicted, we cannot soon regret,
*S*ome time will see him entangled in the net.
*O*nward, old Time, nor make the least delay,
*R*eward the *Lion* for his handsome *Bray.*

DIGGORY DOUB.

For the Repository.

THE DRAMA.

January 20.

The magnet that attracted so crowded an audience this evening, was the elegant tragedian, FENNEL, our old favourite, in the solemn walks of the more serious representation of the drama. The celebrated production of the author of Night Thoughts was announced as the piece in which he was to make his appearance, being only engaged for twelve nights.

The tragedy of the Revenge is generally paralleled with Othello. The incidents bear a resemblance of no very distant nature, and the conclusion is equally melancholy and fatal to the victims of Moorish vengeance. Shakspeare seems to have suggested the foundation, and Young to have improved thereon. Zanga's description of the 'green-ey'd monster' was grand, if not more glowing than Iago's; but the author has evidently imitated his predecessor, and has embellished his ideas with more refined and perspicuous language. We shall now view the performance, and enlarge no more on the merits and demerits of an offspring of the celestial intellect of a YOUNG.

To say any more than that Mr Fennel nicely observed precision in his utterance—accuracy in his attitudes—& correctness in his gestures, throughout the performance, would be rendering criticism superfluous. Even the cynic wondered and bestowed 'involuntary applause;' the fool was elevated, and shouted the thundering plaudits of inexpressible delight—the wise viewed with astonishment, and attentively regarded the godlike dignity of a man, whose magnanimity could conceive the sanguinary inclinations of a soul, bent wholly on the dictates of the fiend of hell, Revenge. The talents of an elegant orthoepist were judiciously displayed in pronouncing,

——I will not fall alone,
But OTHER groans shall tell my death.

In but one instance could we discover any thing like an error, and that was in unintentionally saying *deposed* for *disposed*, but it was where the part required a swift utterance, and could not possibly be avoided.

Mr Wood deserves to be commended for his genuine personation of Alonzo, but hope that he will in future pronounce the word 'were' *wur* instead of *Where*.

Mr M'Kensie was not very exceptionable in Carlos. A *lover* is not well suited to his abilities.

We were much gratified at Mrs Woodham's *debut*, in the Soldiers' Daughter: her successive characters, since that period, have yielded satisfaction; but her Leonora was neither well conceived, nor well executed. We ever have duly appreciated Mrs Wignell's talents in that character, and to resign it merely to draw a *comparison* of two performances, was trifling and unnecessary.

Mrs Jefferson's Isabella was properly represented. On Mr Taylor, in Don Alvarez, we bestow the tender tear of pity. Where was Warren, or even Seymour, in preference to Taylor, in the character of a man of 'silver hairs.'

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Macklin's *Love-a-la-Mode* is very justly termed an excellent thing. It is replete with sparkling witticism and sarcasm, and has always claimed the most cordial approbation of the patronizers of light pieces. The respective performers were anxious to please, and succeeded. Harwood and Jefferson rendered uncommon satisfaction. Jefferson, Francis, & M'Kensie were well adapted to the characters they assumed.

January 22.

We were again gratified at Mr Fennel's appearance in Hamlet. There are many of Shakspeare's tragedies often represented, and seldom understood. It is universally acknowledged that there is no person, on American boards, who so justly conceives the characters, and authors meaning than Mr Fennel. Within these two seasons we may, with truth, remark, that the character has been represented by two of the greatest tragedians on the continent. In Hamlet, Cooper has the advantage of a *youthful* appearance, joined to a more pleasing voice; but to say that he excels Fennel in judgment, articulation or gesture, would be an outrage to truth. On a minute investigation, we could not find him the least remiss, either in conception or expression, but truly estimated proportion in holding the 'mirror up to nature.'

Mrs Wignell's Ophelia was pathetic and affecting. We could not reasonably wish to see it better played.

Mr Wood has had some *experience* in the character of Horatio, which improves at every representation.

Mr Cross, with some trifling exceptions, personated the Ghost well enough.

Mr Jefferson's wit in Polonius is natural—the *expression* of it improper. Mr J. does not rightly comprehend this character. We could not discover that *agitation* in the player king, which Hamlet did.

—

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The author of the '*Mad Mother*,' a poem, probably transcribed from the walls of bedlam, is thanked for the trouble he has given himself, but we cannot insert more than two lines,

'*She talk'd and sung the Woods among,*
And it was in the English tongue.'

SONG.

In the 'Sprigs of Laurel.'

There was a fine old maiden,
Prim, slim, and she wore a muff;
Rich flower'd silks array'd in,
She went to Church, and she there—
took snuff.
In love not to flinch,
I ask'd for a pinch;
Says I, fine rappee,
Says she, he, he, he.
She'd five gray hairs,
A kiss, miss, if you please,
I happened to sneeze,
Then in her airs,
So highly provok'd,
Though her cat I stroak'd,
Loud rattled her tongue,
For her man she rung,
And I was ordered to walk downstairs.

A grand buxom widow bonny,
Fat, squat, but lord what o'that,
She had a power of money,
But no parrot, nor dog, nor cat.
Watch, trinket, and seals,
And rings to her nails,
And before she'd dine,
A glass of tent wine,
She got so gay,
She sung, I bore bob,
And jingled hob nob;
But one cursed day,
A captain from Cork,
Spoil'd all my love work;
He gave her a smack,
He gave me a whack
She chose the captain, and I walk'd away.

Romping miss at Boarding school,
Shuttle-cock play and swing so high;
Needle was'nt her working tool,
But she knew how to make a nice dirt pye:
She could sugar crib,
And then tell a fib,
On poney could straddle,
Nor bridle nor saddle,
She gallop'd well,
She could jump down stairs,
And whistle her prayers,
But could not spell;
In silk shoe, slip shod,
The minute she trod,
She squall'd, parlevou'd,
And swore I was rude;
I was kick'd out by her ma'amoiselle.

FAIR MARY.

I live but in thy smiles, Mary,
But in their sphere revolve,
Then, pitying, deign to look on me,
Let mercy teach thee love;
The gods above might envy *me*
Wert thou as kind as fair, Mary.

The sun which cheers cold Zembla's vales,
Has not a charm so great,
Nor half so sweet the perfumed gales,
That temper Afric's heat,
As are thy smiles, sweet maid, to me,
Then be as kind as fair, Mary.

I would not tempt frail fortune's wiles
Nor wealth nor honour seek;
Content to prove the virtuous smiles,
That sport on Mary's cheek;
Then de gn, ah! deign to pity me,
And be as kind as fair, Mary.

OH STAY, SWEET FAIR.

A Ballad for three Voices.

By Sir John A. Stevenson.

First Voice.

Oh stay, sweet fair, till day is breaking,
And gold the purple skies is streaking.

Second Voice.

Good friend, we must, although yet weary,
Traverse the mountain, wild and dreary.

First Voice.

Thou pilgrim leave not yet the dwelling,
Where kindness every care's dispelling.

Third Voice.

Kind friend, no more! the storm is blowing,
The morning dawns; we must be going.
Adieu! may heaven be kind befriending,
Our sorrows with our journey ending.

First Voice.

Wilt thou, when o'er the moor a ranger,
Think of the poor forsaken stranger?

Second Voice.

Yes, when I hear the tempest swelling,
I'll think of thee and of thy dwelling.

First Voice.

And wilt thou stop, when homeward journeying,
If by this humble cot returning?

Third Voice.

Yes, here I'll rest me till the morrow,
And 'neath thy roof forget my sorrow;
Life listening to the distant billow,
We'll sink upon our rushy pillow.

SHE NEVER THINKS OF ME.

The morning dew that wets the rose,
Its blooming tints more lovely shews,
So on my Emma's face appears
The pearly lustre of her tears,
When others woes she weeps to see,
But ah! she never thinks of me.

When round the youths in transport gaze,
And love forbids the power to praise,
While she, with artless mien beguiles,
And sweetly wounds with fatal smiles,
Her triumph still I'm fond to see,
Altho' she never thinks of me.

Then go, fair Hope, forever go,
Here will *I* nourish dearest woe;
For sorrow's self can sweets impart,
Sweet every pang that rends the heart.
And sweet to die, 'twill surely be,
For her who never, never thinks of me.

HARK! ELIZA'S TUNEFUL VOICE.

Hark! Eliza's tuneful voice
Gives harmony to love's soft song
Hush every rude and vulgar noise,
Ye zephyrs softly breathe along.

See, Love herself stands listening by,
While Cupids hover round,
Let not the tender heaving sigh,
Disturb the magick sound.

'Tis heaven to hear Eliza's voice,
When love inspires the song;
But ah, how must that swain rejoice,
Whose name her notes prolong.

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